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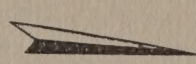
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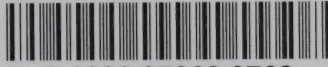
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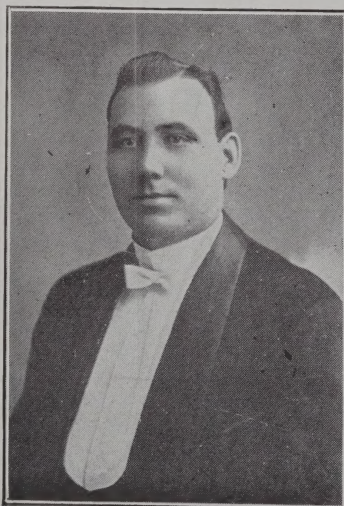
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 without the "Baron." Nicht wahr?

Mr. Von K.—"If I had hair on my
 head, I wouldn't wear a cap."



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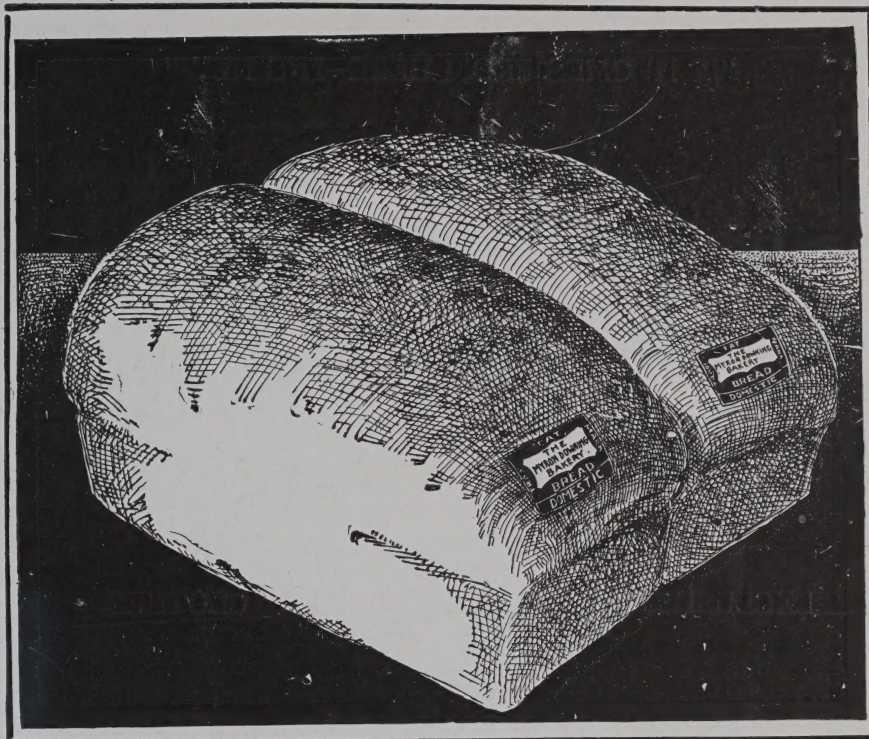
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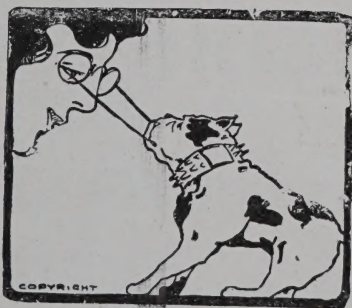
DOMESTIC BREAD "THAT'S ALL"



MYRON DOWNING BAKERY

McM.—"Where is Arabia?"
K. Byrer—"In South America."

Clifford Carter (in Lit)—The bones
of a skeleton were hanging on the wall.



All the "Stick" Without the Pinch MEIGS' Patent Eye Glasses

No Charge for Examining Eyes.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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EXCLUSIVE SELLERS OF "CLASS A" CLOTHES.

What's the matter with the candidate?

Sh! He's very ill.

Isn't it rather sudden?

Very; he smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket.—Ex.

Senior—I want to get some bird seed.

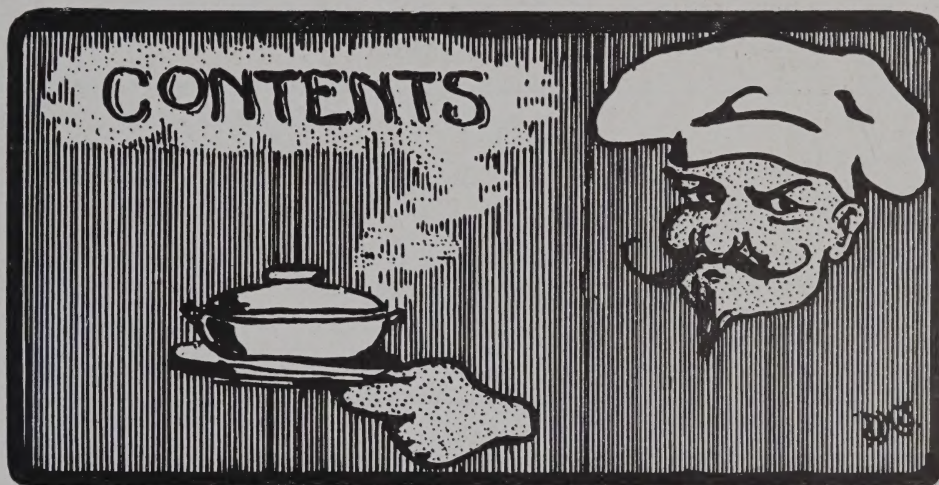
Freshie (clerking in a store during vacation)—Don't try to plague me, smarty. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds.—Ex.

THE PHOTO STUDIO

OF F. SCHANZ

✂FOR HIGH-GLASS PORTRAITS✂

SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS



Tomasco (Serial Story).....	Page 7
The New Lodger	" 10
Editorial.....	" 13
Society.....	" 15
Exchange.....	" 16
Their Pet Expressions	" 18

CALDRON (Per Copy).....Fifteen Cents

What's The Use of Paying \$25 AND \$35

For Ready Made Clothing when you can get a Suit Made to Order by the
best Tailors in the Country.

GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

McM.—“When did the Pilgrims
land.”

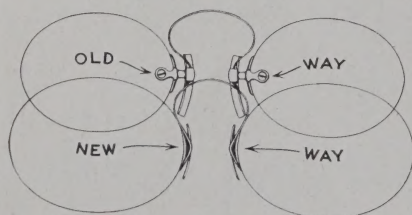
M. Giles—“They stayed off of the
coast almost three-fourths of a year be-
fore landing.”

December 2, from 11:45 a. m. to 12:30
p. m. two windows were broken within
one block of school at the first snow.
Aviators aren't the only record break-
ers.

Vesey, Florist, 828 Calhoun Street.

*The best place in the city to get your cut Flowers
and Plants.*

Prompt delivery to any part of city.



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Is the name we have given it.

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Over the glasses used to-day is obvious
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Tomaso.

Chapter V.

One stormy, dark evening, Ryan was watching the clouds and lightning from the door of the mess tent, with Tomaso as usual, like a small brown shadow beside him. The darkness was dense and oppressive, like thick, black velvet, smothering everything. The lamplights on the guard line seemed unable to penetrate the gloom. Down in the valleys it was raining, but up on the plateau, where the camp stood, there was no rain. They were so near the plateau's edge that when the lightning came it was as though they were standing on the brink of a great black, billowy sea of cloud, hiding the valleys and the tossing lake far below, except where the clouds were broken.

"It's a divil of a noight," said Ryan.

"Si," said Tomaso, "Moros sneak up easy tonight. If they can kill sentry in day time, what they not do on night like dis?"

Ryan made no reply to this, but continued to peer off into the gloom.

"Who officer of guard tonight?" Tomaso inquired.

"The lieutenant," said Ryan.

"El teniente?" repeated Tomaso

thoughtfully.

"Yes, and there he goes," said Ryan.

Tomaso drew back into the shadow of Ryan's body, but perked his head around to see where the lieutenant was. The officer was walking towards a point on the sentry line some distance away. Just then a vivid flash of lightning revealed something which made Tomaso's heart stand still. Far down the slope, at the edge of the high grass, beyond the cleared space outside the sentry line he saw four dark figures creeping stealthily toward the place for which the lieutenant was making.

Tomaso caught at Ryan's sleeve. "There, see! Four Moros in grass after teniente," he said in a low voice.

Ryan waited until another flash came, then sprang to his tent, secured his rifle and ammunition belt and rushed after the lieutenant, Tomaso at his heels.

"Oi have been looking in thot direction for the last half hour," he said over his shoulder to Tomaso. "I wud niver have seen thim dammed snakes in the grass if you hadn't pointed thim out. It takes you to see things loike thot."

They rushed on, but there being no

more lightning for several seconds, they could see nothing of the lieutenant. Ryan called to him several times, but the wind was against him and the lieutenant made no response. At length another flash of lightning revealed the lieutenant's form a little to the right of the course Ryan was taking. He turned his path accordingly, renewed his exertions, and was within fifty yards of the officer as the latter stopped just inside the line of lamp posts. He heard the sentinel's "Halt! Who's there?" and the response, "Officer of the guard," and then the sentinel's "Advance, O cer of the Guard, to be recognized."

"Look out, Lieutenant; Moros, for God's sake, look out!" yelled Ryan as he rushed up.

There was a flash of bright steel in the lighted space beyond the guard line, and a crouching figure back of it sprang forward with a yell. Ryan's rifle flashed, and the Moro fell. Another figure sprang over him, but also fell as the sentinel's rifle spurted fire. The lieutenant wheeled sharply. He understood the situation at once, and his ready hand whipped the revolver from his hip. A third Moro fell before the lieutenant's well directed aim. Tomaso hopping at the side saw the fourth Moro unobserved spring at the lieutenant from behind with upraised kampilon. There was no time for thought; Tomaso was prompted by instinct alone. He jumped at the Moro's knees and the savage fell forward, his kampilon falling out of his hand and reach. Before Tomaso could cry out, the Moro's fingers were at his throat. Even in his anguish he could tell that the man was feeling for his dagger, and he wondered wildly how soon he would find it, and end everything. Then, in the dark

and suffocation he heard a shot. The cruel, choking grasp at his throat relaxed. There was another shot almost before he could feel the delicious relief, and Tomaso sank swiftly into oblivion.

* * *

Half an hour later the surgeon emerged from the hospital, and came upon Ryan waiting anxiously outside.

"He's all right," answered the doctor to the soldier's unspoken question. The bullet went across his back, and jarred his spine. He'll be all right in a couple of weeks. He's a nerry chap for a Fillipino. The way he tackled, and threw that Moro would have done credit to a Yale foot-ball player. This little scrap might not have turned out so well if he hadn't been there."

Every day the lieutenant and Ryan visited Tomasto at the hospital. Neither the lieutenant nor the colonel raised any embarrassing questions about how the Filipino boy had happened to be in camp so long after orders had been given for him to leave it. The manner in which he had observed the Moros, called Ryan's attention to them, and taken part in the encounter were the talk of the camp.

When Tomaso had finally recovered from his wound, and had been discharged from the hospital, he went at once to the A Company cook tent where he was royally received by the members of the company. On the intervening pay-day Ryan's collection for the "Mascotte" amounted to nearly two hundred dollars, and the money was duly given to him as soon as he entered the tent.

A few minutes later Lieutenant Williams sent for Tomaso to come to his quarters.

"Tomaso," said the officer, "I need a muchacho to work for me. Would you like the job?"

"Si, senior," replied the delighted boy.

"I shall soon go home," said the Teniente, "back to the States. Would you like to go with me, and be educated like an Americano?"

"Oh, Si, senior," breathed Tomaso, face alight. Then a shadow passed over it.

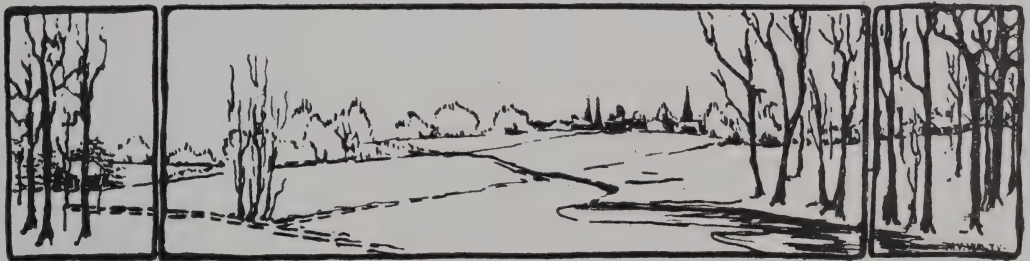
"I not like to leave senior Ryan," he said.

"It happens that not only Ryan, but that the regiment is going also," said the teniente.

There was a pause, while Tomaso looked off into the future, building golden air-castles.

"And then," he said, "I shall return and help my people."

—D. S.



The New Lodger.

Such excitement! A rumor has been spread abroad that there is a new lodger in No. 16 Flint street—no, not in, but going to be—he is to come today. How the heads in all the back yards do wag and give forth wise remarks as to how, “That man won’t stay in that house because the room he has taken is the very one that—” and then the voices die down and buzz so steadily that only now and then such words as, “died there,” and “Poor Dan” can be distinguished from the babble. Suddenly there is a cry of, “Here he comes, now,” and all the busy gossipers rush to the front windows to see the subject of their many conjectures. Yes, indeed, here he comes, the new lodger for whom Mrs. Brenton has already been waiting since five o’clock this morning. It has been a long time since she has had a lodger, for her steady lodger had died a year ago today.

The object toward which all eyes are directed, however, is nothing very extraordinary to behold; in fact, he is a rather plain-looking, care-worn chap. His clothes seem to have done several years of good service and his cap—his cap has almost lost its identity as a cap. Beneath his arm he carries carefully a

very battered-looking violin case and as he strolls along, he meditatively puffs at a blackened pipe. Do the inquisitive women and children attract him as he enters his new neighborhood? Do the many remarks cast from spectator to spectator disturb him? I believe he is utterly ignorant of their very presence. He seems to be pondering deeply or—mentally living over a sad event. The small boys do not follow at his heels as is their usual treatment of new lodgers. They stand to one side and hoot, a little fearfully, for there is something in the face of the newcomer which inspires them with awe. Is it his sad eyes, or is it the expression of the pent-up feeling behind those orbs which affects them thus? Only one of the little scavengers steps out as the stranger passes, and looks up wistfully into his face. For a moment the man’s face lights up at the sight of the little fellow, but in a flash—the old tired, indifferent look takes its place and almost makes us doubt that there was any change.

Mrs. Brenton opens the door when the stranger knocks. She has been waiting impatiently behind it, consumed with curiosity, but still wishing to appear interrupted from her daily tasks.

The stranger is very polite as Mrs. Brenton lets him in and shows him his room. "Almost like one of those fine gentlemen in Ordway place," as Mrs. Brenton afterward exclaimed to her friends. The room to which he was led was a small, dark hole on the second floor. Its only redeeming feature was a tiny fire-place, if it may be dignified by the name of so cheerful-looking an object. On the hearth burned a coal which flickered and sputtered like a feeble life, struggling for existence. After he was left alone, Mr. Crympton carefully placed his violin on the floor and sank disconsolately into the solitary chair. For a long time he sat thus, gazing at the fire. Had he come to this, to such a meager and dark abode as this—or was it all a dream from which he would some day waken and find himself beloved by her whom he cherished above all things. But ah no! he was really the same Robert as had been flung over and who had seen her name changed to that of the man she claimed to love. Well, perhaps it was better so, perhaps she would be delightfully happy. Long after the last spark of fire had died and the hearth was black, he sat there. Finally he rose, and lifting his violin tenderly from its case, he began to play a soft, sweet melody which brought visions of the breakers rolling endlessly upon the smooth sea-sand, and sadly breaking away for others to take their places.

Below the window, huddled against the wall, there was a dark little figure

which was gradually being blotted from sight as night drew its mantle close. The little fellow listened to every strain which floated from the room. The tears rolled down his cheeks and fell unnoticed on the grimy coat. Even after the last tone had died away, he sat there, dreaming of the time when he had said the last farewell to his mother, the only loved one he had ever known. Suddenly, driven by an impulse too hard to overcome, he rushed into the house and burst into the little room. Startled from his reverie, Crympton shuddered as though wakened from a bad dream. What had dashed into the room and fallen, a black bundle, beside him on the floor? He stooped and lifting the little figure to the bed called to Mrs. Brenton. She, kind woman that she was, made a soothing broth for him and after she had administered her tender care, just as the dawn was breaking through the black night, the boy roused and looked about him in a dazed way.

After Mrs. Brenton's services were no longer needed, and after the little waif was entirely himself again, Crympton, sitting beside him on the bed, suggested that he had better go home now, for he would be missed. But little Dan sadly shook his head. "Nobody loves me, now my ma's gone. Nobody cares where Dan is."

Again the tears started on their course, but Crympton pressed the little hand and said, "We are companions in misery. Nobody loves me, either. Let's

just stay together and make each other happy."

"Oh, do you really want me?" cried the little chap, looking wistfully, as he had done when Crympton had first entered the street. "Kin I really stay with you?" But the feeling behind the lodger's eyes was no longer pent-up. It came forth with a rush. He grabbed the boy by the hand, jammed an old, worn-out

cap on to his head, picked up his violin and they started off. The last words which any of the ear-straining neighbors heard were, "Now we'll start life all over again. We each have some one to love us."

As the pair went out of sight, the neighbors nodded to one another from their windows as if to say, "I know he wouldn't stay long in that room."





THE CALDRON

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Mary Evans, '13,	
Pauline Saylor, '14,	Associate Editors

Doubtless each one of us has prepared, either mentally or on paper, a list of so-called "New Year's Resolutions," which will haunt us for the first few weeks of the new year and thenceforth be broken and forgotten. If good resolutions could be kept with the facility with which they are made, we would all be models of perfection. Nevertheless, a new year always seems to stretch forth like a clean sheet of paper which we can either mar or beautify by our markings. And, as such, it opens an opportunity for self-betterment, a new chance to live better, cleaner, nobler lives than heretofore.

Let us not make long, foolish lists of "dos and don'ts." Let us resolve, only, to work a little harder, love a little deeper, trust a little truer, and live a little better than ever before.

* * *

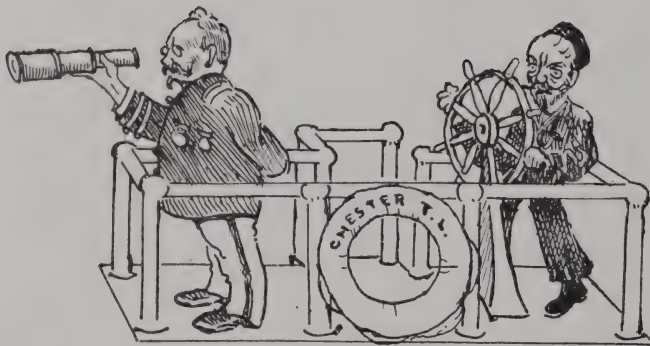
An incident which occurred shortly before the holidays goes to prove that there is one thing sadly lacking to the perfection of our school. Every factory and almost every other place of business is equipped in this particular, and it is to be deplored that the school which surely needs it is without it. We mean a rest room—a room fitted out with comfortable chairs and couches which the women teachers and the girls of the school could use.

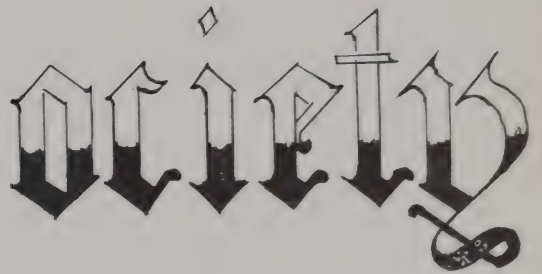
Nearly every high school in the country has such a room. A large, well ventilated room is at the disposal of the pupils at Shortridge, Indianapolis. A motherly matron is in charge who cares for the girls' comfort and administers medicine from her copious medicine chest, or heats a cup of tea.

We can hardly hope to have a matron here, but there surely is no reason why we cannot have a rest room. The girls

of the school could donate pillows and pictures with which to decorate it, and it is nothing less than the duty of the school board to fit out the room with comfortable furniture.

Little enough is done in our school for the physical comfort of the students. But when a fainting girl is placed upon the floor until she "comes to" it is time for the proper authorities to exert themselves.





Miss Phyllis Randall entertained the cast of the senior play Friday evening, December 2.

The Misses Scroggy entertained the Eta Alphas Saturday afternoon, December 3.

The cast of the senior play was delightfully entertained Saturday evening, December 10, by Miss Martha Tolan.

Mr. Charles Worden entertained a number of young people very informally Saturday evening, November 26, in honor of his cousin, Miss Edith Cowles, of Columbus, Ohio.

The Eta Alphas opened up the round of the Xmas gayeties with a dance, December 26 at Harker's hall.

The Qui Vives gave their annual dance December 27. at the Elks' attractive hall.

The Phi Delta Kappas entertained a large number of young people at a dance December 28. at the Minuet hall.

The Alpha Omegas gave their dance december 29 at Harker's hall.

On January 2, the Anthony hotel was the scene for the ball given by the alumni of the Beta Phi Sigma.



EXCHANGE

Pennant, Lebanon, Ind.: We read with great interest the particulars concerning the contest. We submit the

* * *

"Caldron" as a contestant. The prize rate is entirely satisfactory to us.

* * *

Register, Omaha: You have a neat paper and many interesting departments.

* * *

Old Gold and Black, Clinton, Ind.: We would suggest that you improve your cuts.

Ink Spots, Mason City, Iowa: You have a very neat paper. Your exchange column is one to be proud of.

* * *

Marge's grade cards all remind us

We should burn the midnight oil,
And, departing leave behind us

Records of unceasing toil.

* * *

Lord of Exams, erstwhile divine,
Under whose glance our grades decline,
O, leave with us our text books yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

* * *

He made a run around the line,
And was tackled from the rear;
The guard sat down upon his neck,
The full back on his ear.
The center sat upon his legs,
The ends upon his chest;
The quarter-back and half-back then
Sat down on him to rest,
The left guard sat upon his head,
The tackle on his face;
The coroner was next called in
To sit upon his case.

* * *

"Who toches a rat on yon peroxide
head
Croaks like a pup. Skidoo," he said.

* * *

Teacher (after a free translation)—
"You had better get down from your
pony and fight on foot."

* * *

He (at dinner)—"My darling, won't
you have a little lobster?"

She (impatiently)—"Frank, haven't

I told you repeatedly that you can't
propose to me more than three times to-
night?"

* * *

Ques.—"Why do the leaves turn red
in the fall?"

Ans.—"They are blushing to think
how green they've been all summer."

* * *

Mike (as the alarm clock goes off)—
"Oi fooled yez that time. Shure oi
wuzn't asleep at all."

* * *

Smart Freshies (to store clerk)—
"Have you any brown ties to match
my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but we have some soft
hats that would match your head."

* * *

An Excuse Received by a Prof.—
"Please excuse John for he tore his
shirt. By doing the same you will great-
ly oblige his mother.

THEIR PET EXPRESSIONS.

(Some of the most frequent conversational embellishments which the F. W. H. S. celebrities resort to.)

P. Randall—I'm petrified. Good night, Louise. Slicka Minerva.

M. Tolan—Merc! Oh joy bells.

Don O'Rourke—Get the hook.

T. McCormick—"Facility in demonstration," etc.

C. T. Lane—Caesar's immortal ghost.

Slagel—Vell, dat's pretty good.

Al. Kettler—Splash!

Marguerite B.—Wretch!

Ida Rush—Oh, deah!

Miss Kolb—How many see?

Esther Freese—Honest to Betsey.

Miss Sperry—You may pause there; or, that will be sufficient.

G. Lakey—Stars!

H. Caldwell—Tuti all. You carp, you!

R. Hartt—Shakespear never repeats.

SIC VITA EST.

Weep and you're called a baby,

Laugh and you're called a fool.

Yield and you're called a coward,

Stand pat, and you're called a mule.

Smile and they'll call you silly,

Frown and they'll call you gruff.

Put on a front like a millionaire,

And somebody calls your bluff.

—M. G.

* * *

Manuel went up the hill,

To see a dancing daughter

But he fell down and lost his crown

Revolt came tumbling after.

—M. G.

Snow White Washing

—DONE WITH—

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Fort Wayne, Ind.

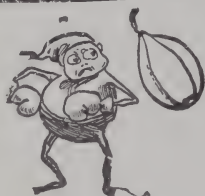
Some intersted personage placed the following query in the Caldron box: "Can anyone possibly, by some means of strategy, find out how many thousand questions Dorothy Detzer asks her teachers in one day?"

McM. — "What are 'pounces' (claws)."

E. Krimmel—"They are some kind of clauses.

* * *

M. Giles in Am. Hist.—The negroes were simple minded just like childes (children).



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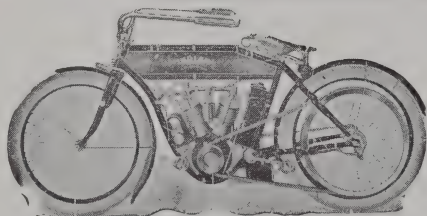
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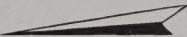
COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, DANCE PROGRAMS.

Bastian Bros. made the Class Pins for last year's Seniors, and for every class now in the High School, including the 1914 class. Doesn't this prove they do good work?

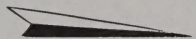
Miss Sperry wrote the following notice on the board in room 20.—“Mr. Von K.’s classes will recite hereafter.”

The commonest remark around high school these days is, “Gee, Grandma’s a peach!”

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HALFTONES AND
ZINC ETCHINGS
FOR ALL KINDS
OF HIGH CLASS
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FORT WAYNE, IND.



First Flea—Been on a vacation?

Second Flea—No, on a tramp.—Ex.

—

Barbara Fritchie up to date.

Who touches a rat on yon peroxide
head

Croaks like a pup! Skiddoo! he said.
—Ex.

Editor—I received a poem to-day
called “Why Do I Live?” It came
through the mail.

Friend—Well, what of it?

Editor—I wrote the author a letter,
saying, Because you sent it through
the post and did not bring it person-
ally—Ex.

—

Example for a long sentence in Eng-
lish: Imprisonment for life.—Ex.

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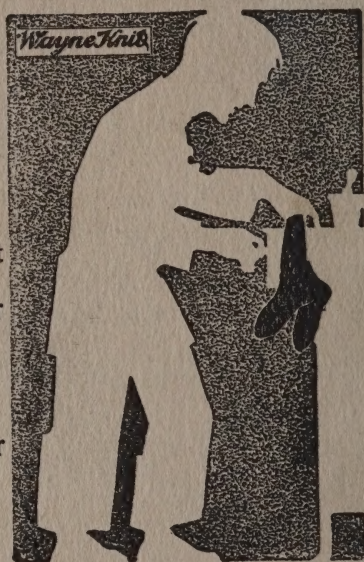
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